THE
NATION

JULY 4, 1959 . . 25c

WHY HOSPITALS EXPLOIT LABOR

by George Kirstein

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH:

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

A Short Story by Wilma Shore

'REDEDICATION TO FREEDOM'

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

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LETTERS

Demerits of Merit Pay

Dear Sirs: It is astonishing that in his article, "Merit Pay for Teachers," in the June 13 issue, Mr. W. L. Gragg omits the significant fact that the merit-pay system has been abandoned in hundreds of communities which have tried it at one time or another during the past forty years.

In the latter 1920s and early 1930s, many communities adopted the system, so that by 1936, 25 per cent of all cities of over 100,000 in the United States had it in some form. However, by 1946 the number had dropped to 6 per cent. Between 1953 and 1958, thirty-six school districts in New York State alone dropped the merit system.

Various combinations of the following reasons are the basis of the opposition of teachers:

1. Merit ratings would open the way for political, religious and other pressures in favor of those who have special "connections."

2. Merit ratings would create unhealthy rivalry among the teachers, to the detriment of the unity and cooperation which is indispensable for an efficient faculty. A teacher who had developed successful teaching devices or techniques might understandably be reluctant to share them with his colleagues if an advance in salary depended on demonstrations of "superiority."

3. Merit ratings would also create tension between supervisors and teachers. The power to control teachers' salaries is distasteful to fair and conscientious supervisors, and dangerous in the hands of domineering and dictatorial ones.

4. In the eyes of the general public, there would be two classifications of teachers: "superior" and "inferior." While technically a teacher who did not receive the "superior" rating might actually be "average" rather than "inferior," the public would draw a different conclusion.

5. Parents would exert pressure to try to get their children placed in the classes of the "superior" teachers. Children, too, would in many cases be aware of the failure of certain teachers to achieve the "superior" classification, with possible harmful effects on discipline and the general administration of classes.

6. Teachers would tend to be overly careful about taking any position or expressing any views on professional or other matters which they believe might antagonize their supervisors, who could retaliate by keeping the teacher at a low salary level.

7. Reasonably objective standards for classifying teachers are difficult, if not impossible, to establish. Who could presume to grade a teacher's success in developing pupils' character, ethical standards, democratic social attitudes, intellectual curiosity and cultural values?

8. Once higher salaries are introduced for meritorious service, the public gets the impression that the maximum "merit" salaries are the actual salaries of all teachers, or at any rate, of those worthy of their hire, and so public support for an adequate basic salary schedule becomes more difficult to enlist.

9. The progress of a teacher toward attainment of maximum salary should be regarded, not as a reward for "superior" service, but rather as the normal recompense for satisfactory service, improved by experience.

10. A "superior" teacher transferring to another school might find himself suddenly downgraded because of a different educational outlook on the part of the principal.

Mr. Gragg dismisses these reasons for the almost unanimous opposition of teachers to "merit" pay as based on theoretical assumptions. He is guilty of the most flagrant example of this very error in lightly brushing off the "assumption" that a "merit" scale means keeping other salaries low. This is not an assumption but a fact, and if Ithaca is an exception (which is doubtful, in view of its basic maximum salary of only $6,000), the few exceptions that may perhaps be found are a long way from disproving our contention.

Another disturbing note in Mr. Gragg's article was his recurrent posing of the teachers against the taxpayer — the latter not in quotation marks, either. This sharp dichotomy is strange, since we know of no tax from which teachers are exempt.

The fundamental solution for the problems of teacher personnel cannot be by-passed. It still lies in raising the salary scales of *all* teachers to a decent, professional level.

ABRAHAM LEDERMAN
President, Teachers Union of N.Y.C.
New York City

AEC's Own Data

Dear Sirs: I am pleased that you were able to cite my paper on fallout in North Dakota in your editorial comments for the issue of June 20. However, I should correct a serious error in your discussion. You state that I have been measuring fallout intensities here, but actually I simply obtained the raw data as measured by the AEC and correlated these data with data from other government agencies. I am not a radiobiologist, and have not made any measurements of radioactivity myself.

I think the fact that the data I used came from the AEC's laboratory makes the case for concern about fallout in this area doubly convincing. My work

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1959
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Deadlines to Remember

On July 1 and 2, and possibly on July 13, Senator John O. Pastore, as chairman of a subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, was scheduled to hold hearings on the agreements under which nuclear-weapons information and material would be transferred to seven countries: West Germany, Greece, Turkey, the Netherlands, France, Canada and Great Britain. Under the agreements, West Germany, Greece, Turkey and the Netherlands (the British, French and Canadian agreements contain variable provisions) will receive information on the use of atomic weapons, defense plans, development of delivery systems capable of carrying atomic weapons, and evaluation of the capability of potential enemies in the use of atomic weapons; they will also receive non-nuclear parts of atomic-weapons systems. The justification advanced for the agreements is, of course, that the actual nuclear warheads will still be retained by American forces. But this reasoning is specious on two counts. In the first place, the United States must continue to supply this material and information until *both* parties voluntarily terminate the agreements (the United States can end the transfers unilaterally only when the NATO treaty expires). In the second place, it is hard to imagine that, say, West Germany will long be denied possession of the actual warheads once the agreements go into effect and Bonn's military forces have been given the necessary tactical training.

It should be pointed out that the agreements go into effect within sixty days unless both the Senate and the House vote specifically to reject them within that period. The deadlines are rapidly approaching; for example, the deadline on the British and French agreements is July 18; on the West German, Canadian, Turkish and Dutch agreements July 25; on the Greek agreement August 10.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the pending hearings, yet they have gotten so little publicity that the average American might never know that they had been scheduled, much less what is at stake. If Congress fails to reject the agreements, the effect will be to intensify existing tensions. Back in February, George Kennan pointed out to the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament that while it is true that we can in effect say to the Russians that the nuclear warheads are going to remain under our control despite the agreements, the Kremlin will "sort of smile when they hear us say that; they think it is a thing which is easily evaded or changed at the last moment. They feel that when the chips are down, the Germans will have then little trouble getting these weapons. . . ." And insofar as the West German agreement in particular is concerned, this is the crux of the matter.

For Peace and Security

The Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee has issued a manifesto subtitled "Foreign and Military Policy for Peace and Security." The gist of the document is that the country stands naked before its enemies and must spend an additional $7.5 billion annually, raising the military budget from about $41 billion to $48.5. Continued over the next five years (five times $48.5 equals $242 billion) this will give us a fighting chance for survival. The manifesto is copiously illustrated with cartoons showing budget-besotted Republicans sabotaging the national defense, while the Advisory Council catalogs the mortal perils which surround us. It pictures Russian missiles raining down on our aircraft and missile bases, crippling our capacity to retaliate "much as a knight in armor was rendered powerless when he was knocked off his horse and could not get to his feet again." It declares that as a result of the Administration's "jaundiced reassessment," our Army, Navy and Air Force are so under-strength in personnel and so hamstrung by obsolescent equipment that the Russians can overwhelm us on land and sea, as well as in the air, even without resorting to nuclear weapons. There follow citations from Nathan ("Git Thar Fustest") Forrest, Stonewall Jackson, Guderian, Hannibal and the Mongols. After much more of this (the Advisory Council gives you a lot for your ten

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cents), remedies are proposed: enlargement of the Army by 225,000 men; restoration of the Marine Corps to 200,000-man strength and "futurization" of its weapons; doubling the number of Atlases and Titan ICBMs, "hardening" strategic Air Command bases and—a novel idea reminiscent of the knight on horseback—rehabilitating the abandoned unmanned aircraft, Snark and Regulus II, as "gap-fillers."

The manifesto might seem to foreshadow an electoral contest in which the Democrats will vie with the Republicans in frightening the voters out of their wits. This may indeed become the pattern of the campaign: the foreign peril is always the line of least resistance. But it does not look that way at the moment. Although the Advisory Council has an impressive roster, including Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Herbert H. Lehman and Averell Harriman, nobody in Congress pays much attention to it. Its Congressional members, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey and Senator Estes Kefauver, are engaged in activities which run counter to the council's trend; Senator Humphrey in particular gives every evidence of realizing that America's peril (and Russia's) can be mitigated only by a recognition of nuclear and missile realities and a gradual lessening of tension by such measures as an agreement to ban nuclear testing. As for the Republicans, Senator Keating, scarcely an apostle of disarmament, said that the council's report practically makes one see the Russian troops marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, but he didn't go for the extra $7.5 billion at all, while Senator Goldwater alluded to the "absurdity of the Democratic armchair generals and admirals, sitting in some hotel in downtown Washington . . . trying to tell the Republicans how to prepare the nation's defenses. . . ." While a slight aroma of partisanship clings to these rejoinders, for once the Messrs. Keating and Goldwater appear to make sense.

Armaments, Yes; Housing, No

Where armaments are concerned, the Democrats press on the Administration money which it hasn't asked for and does not intend to use. But when it comes to stemming the conversion of our cities into residential and industrial slums, economy is the watchword. Senator Joseph S. Clark (D.-Pa.) has pointed out that the Senate version of the housing bill provided for an expenditure of $2.1 billion for urban renewal over a six-year period, while the House version authorized $1.5 billion over three years. In the Senate-House conference held to reconcile differences, the program was cut down to two years, with $500 million to be spent in the first year and $400 million in the second. Senator Clark gave it as his opinion that the Democratic Party leadership's strategy of cutting spending bills to make them "veto-proof" was the surest way of blurring the party's identity, confusing the voters and losing the 1960 election. "I suggest," he said, "that if the people had wanted the Republican President to write our legislation, or set the bounds and limits within which we must write it, they would have elected a Congress of this party."

Open Season on Actors

A few weeks ago a British newspaperman asked Fredric March whether, at his age, he still considered himself a promising actor. Later, when Anthony Quinn appeared at London Airport to meet his wife and daughter, some Fleet Street bad boy asked Mrs. Quinn what she thought of a photograph showing her husband kissing Kim Novak in Paris.

These questions are in imitation, obviously enough, of the Mike Wallace technique, but like most British attempts to ape American customs, the imitation is a little damp. Fredric March has never pretended to be younger than he is (unlike, say, Laurence Olivier), and no one is going to start back at the notion of Mr. Quinn kissing a pretty girl. We don't understand why the British press should suddenly go gunning for American actors, but we wish they could think up questions for which a sufficient answer is not "Huh?" Teddy boys playing at Jimmy Dean, that's what these Fleet Street rascals look like.

Dangerous Dealing

Despite the November, 1958, election returns and strong Administration opposition, Rep. Howard Smith's states'-rights bill (H.R. 3) has managed once again to pass the House. Last year it was approved by a vote of 241 to 155, last week by a smaller margin, 225 to 192. The debate this year was marked by a curious circumstance. The Republican opposition was spearheaded by Rep. John V. Lindsay of New York City, a freshman member, while 114 Republicans, led by Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck, lined up with 111 Democrats in support of the bill. Patently the vote in the House represents a deal; Minority Leader Halleck lined up 114 Republican votes for the Dixiecrats in exchange for their support of various measures relating to the budget, principally housing.

The effect of the vote in the House will be twofold: it will satisfy the Dixiecrats that "pressure" is being kept on a sharply divided Supreme Court, and it will also encourage the Court's critics across the country to believe that Congress is more hostile to it than is in fact the case. Like pouring "a little" gasoline on a fire, this is a dangerous game. While it is a fairly safe assumption that the bill will be sidetracked in the Senate, this circumstance does not lessen the uneasiness thoughtful observers must feel when they witness a "deal" of this kind being made on a matter of such importance.

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Rep. Smith's measure provides that the Supreme Court may not interpret an act of Congress as pre-empting a field of legislation from the states unless Congress specifically expresses such an intention or "unless there is a direct and positive conflict between such act and a state law so that the two cannot be reconciled or consistently stand together." If the bill becomes law, it would permit Southern states to harass the NAACP with restrictive legislation; it could be used to stimulate a vast amount of vexatious litigation on the desegregation issue; and, more important, it would confuse established lines of state and federal authority in a most mischievous manner.

A certain amount of "dealing" is part of the bargaining process among pressure groups which today largely determines the outcome of any particular session of Congress. But when cynical deals are made on matters as important as H.R. 3, for purely transient advantage, there is reason to feel apprehensive about the future of representative government.

The Thousand Arms of Kuan Yin

To back up his plea for urban representation in government ("A Voice for the Cities," *The Nation,* March 7, 1959, p. 199), Senator Joseph S. Clark has introduced S. 1431, which calls for the establishment of a Presidential Commission on Metropolitan Problems. Hearings on the measure have been under way since June 9 before a subcommittee, chaired by Representative William L. Dawson (D., Ill.), of the House Government Operations Committee, and will not be concluded for some time. The proposed commission would consist of six members from each House and six Presidential appointees. This is a somewhat watered-down version of Senator Clark's original proposal that a Department of Urban Affairs should be established in the federal government; nevertheless, it deserves public support as a sound first step in a generally right direction.

The final goal, as Michael Reagan's article in this issue (p. 11) makes clear, is representation of the urban interest in the Cabinet. As always, it is there that the key decisions are made—decisions on the budget, on legislative priorities, on strategy and timing. Ours is an urban civilization; 60 per cent of all Americans now live in metropolitan areas and the proportion will be still greater by the end of the 1960s. Yet the urban areas lack a direct voice in government at the decision-making level. At the same time, the federal government is massively involved in metropolitan problems—transportation, housing, airports, water shortages, smog and air pollution, education, parks and recreational facilities, crime and juvenile delinquency—and the demands made on it for help steadily become more numerous and insistent. But the more the federal government attempts to deal with urban problems on a hand-out, piecemeal basis, the more Uncle Sam, in the words of Dr. Luther Gulick, "looks like the Buddhist idol Kuan Yin, with a thousand arms. But in our case the arms do not seem to connect with the same backbone or with a single brain!" The problems of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles may be dissimilar in some respects, but they are not so unlike that the study of urban problems per se would not yield far greater returns than the attempt to make federal grants, without adequate study, to city governments which, under existing federal-state-city relationships, often lack administrative power to cope with grants effectively. President Eisenhower did not exaggerate when he said, in a speech at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1957, that "unless action is prompt and effective, urban problems will soon almost defy solution."

Why Hospitals Exploit Labor . . *by George Kirstein*

ON THE surface, the issues in New York's 46-day hospital strike which ended last week were simple. The predominantly Puerto Rican and Negro non-professional workers were doing battle in the only way they could to improve their admittedly miserable standards of pay. Opposing them, in the public's mind, were the wealthy and socially prominent trustees who guided the policies of the embattled institutions. The strike was a skirmish in class warfare, the very poor arrayed against the very rich. Citizens chose sides in accordance with their own socio-economic orientation; there was a convenient hero and a clear villain, and which was which depended upon one's point of view. No one, of course, dreamed of suggesting that the real "villains" were the helpless patients, bedridden inside the hospitals. Yet in sober fact it is the patient who has been exploiting — albeit unwittingly and by force of circumstance — the hospital workers and the hospital treasuries alike.

For the truth is that the hospitals are not receiving sufficient fees for the services they are giving. As a result, they are operating at staggering deficits; and the one controllable item of cost that can be kept at minimal levels is wages. It was not the trustees who profited from the sweatshop conditions under which the exploited workers toiled; it was the patients — and the taxpayers. Nearly every patient — semi-

GEORGE KIRSTEIN, publisher of The Nation, *was formerly Executive Vice President of the Health Insurance Plan (HIP).*

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private or ward — lying uncomfortably on his sick bed was being subsidized by the underpaid workers, as well as by the philanthropies (including the trustees') which maintained the hospital.

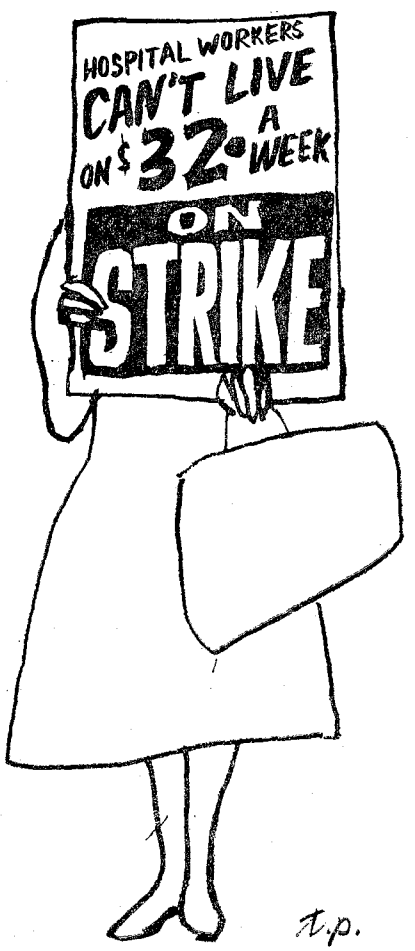
And the most curious paradox of this whole paradoxical situation was that the semi-private patients who were insured by Blue Cross against hospital costs were virtuously convinced that they were no burden to anyone; indeed, many felt that if anybody had the right to complain, it was they themselves — about the high cost of Blue Cross.

TO SEE how this anomalous situation arose, we must look back in time. Originally, the "voluntary" hospitals were built for the poor by men of great wealth. The rich were taken care of at home; they had their babies, and recovered or died from their illnesses, in their own darkened bedrooms. But the poor, almost as a punishment, went to hospitals where, because of inadequate care, the fatality rates were shocking. No one who could afford to pay for doctors and nurses would allow himself to be incarcerated in the pest houses that were the nineteenth-century hospital. Most of the non-professional work in those early institutions was done by volunteers — Lady Bountifuls who devoted themselves to easing the suffering of the poor. As medical science advanced, the hospitals became more efficient centers where therapeutic equipment was centralized and recovery rates improved. The volunteer workers gave way, in part, to the paid employee; and the municipality established the practice of augmenting private charity by compensating hospitals for indigent ward patients.

Today this compensation is not nearly enough. New York City pays $20 per day for each ward patient; the cost of ward care in one typical hospital is pennies under $30 per day. (In the city's own hospitals, such as Bellevue, the per diem upkeep of a patient is $28.) And these voluntary-hospital costs, it should be emphasized, are based on wage rates to non-professional help which everyone admits are inadequate.

Moreover, doctors who supervise ward cases receive no compensation; as members of the "visiting staff," they contribute their valuable time. And the interns and residents who carry out the doctors' orders in the wards as part of their educational program are paid so little that their paychecks amount to little more than a recurrent monthly insult. In the average New York hospital, interns receive a stipend of around $50 per month in addition to room and board, and residents receive twice that amount. These men already have their M.D. degrees and the great majority are married and have children. Is it any wonder that, upon hanging out their shingles after their formal training is over, they feel that society owes them a great debt which they are tempted to recover by demanding high fees?

Turning now from the indigent patients whose care must be subsidized by the municipality or charity, let us consider the patients who can afford to pay for their own care. Historically, as hospitals improved to the point where they had become centers for treating the sick rather than merely pest houses, people who could afford to pay, requested accommodations. They were given curtained-off sections of the wards, which were termed "semi-public" accommodations. These, of course, were the forerunners of the "semi-private" rooms with which we are familiar today, and to which all who are insured under a Blue Cross plan are entitled.



Blue Cross was instituted in 1935 as a non-profit plan under which people could arrange for an insurance company to pay their hospital bills. It has always been Blue Cross's objective to compensate the hospitals in full, and for the first ten years, the objective was fulfilled. But in recent years, costs in some instances have advanced faster than Blue Cross payments. Thus, in some New York hospitals, even Blue Cross patients have caused deficits which philanthropy has had to meet. And it must not be forgotten that Blue Cross payments to hospitals, based as they are on actual costs, are predicated on sub-standard wages which are "standard" for unskilled help in most voluntary hospitals. If all labor exploitation were to cease, Blue Cross would have to pay at least double its current rates to hospitals, which means premium payments would also be doubled.

WHAT FACTORS have forced hospital expenses to such staggering levels as compared to a decade or two ago, when the Blue Cross system worked fairly well? Obviously, there is the purely hotel cost of running a hospital: bed, board and recreational facilities. Even New York's Waldorf-Astoria charges only about $14 a day for a bed, and perhaps another $10 would cover food. Why must the payment for a ward patient, who isn't exactly occupying a Waldorf room or eating Waldorf food, be nearly $30 a day? The problem here is that modern science has outpaced our socio-economic thinking. Only a few years ago, a patient with a certain heart ailment might be admitted to a hospital (if the disease were discovered in time) and there, within a few days, he would die. Not much could be done for

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him except, perhaps, to ease his pain —a relatively inexpensive procedure. Today the same patient, after an eight-hour operation involving the use of an operating room, a recovery room, X-ray and other diagnostic devices, as well as a team of doctors and nurses, will spend a month or two in a hospital. He will not only live; he will recover completely. Similarly, a baby may have a tumor removed from the brain which would have been fatal a few years ago; he may be months in the hospital, with around-the-clock nursing, special foods and all kinds of expensive care.

TRUE, other types of cases require briefer hospitalization periods than formerly, but even here the savings are less than one would imagine. The rule of thumb on hospital expenses is that one-third goes for nurses' salaries, one-third for other labor, and one-third for supplies (including food). Nurses' salaries have risen sharply in the last few years as a nursing shortage developed (their pay is still too low, in my opinion, to attract a sufficient number of recruits to this indispensable profession). But the costs that have really skyrocketed are supply costs. Science discovers a new drug—penicillin, for example. When first introduced, it is extremely expensive for many reasons; mass production has not yet been established, for one. Yet, if a doctor believes the drug will cure a patient, he rightly orders its use without regard to expense. And new and effective drugs come into use with unprecedented rapidity.

Another financial drain on a hospital is the Outpatient Department. In the cancer, heart and other clinics which these hospitals offer to ambulatory cases, thousands of medical services are performed annually. Patients who can afford to pay do so, of course. But the patients are treated regardless of whether they can pay or not, and neither Blue Cross nor the city compensates the hospitals for these vital services.

The table on this page gives at a glance the financial picture of one of New York's great voluntary hospitals. Not all hospitals have such a pressing problem; some, however, are in an even more desperate plight.

Income and Expenses: 650-Bed Voluntary Hospital

Type of Bed	Income (Daily)	Costs (Daily)	Profit or Loss per Patient (Daily)	Number of Beds (Average)	Annual Profit or Loss
Private	Patient pays $40	$32	$8	20	$ 58,400
Semi-Pri.	Blue Cross pays $30	32	–2	330	–240,900
Ward	City pays $20	30	–10	300	–1,095,000
Outpatients Department					–280,000*
				Total Annual Deficit	$1,557,500

*This hospital treats an average of 40,000 outpatients annually at a cost of $9 per visit. Average payment by the outpatient is $2 per visit, netting a $7 loss to the hospital.

Let us turn now to the organizational structure of the voluntary hospital which bears the responsibility of coping with the institution's almost insoluble financial problems.

Historically, the committee of rich men who financed the individual hospital deficits became the institution's governing body, or board of trustees. But as deficits mounted to their present level of approximately $2,000 per bed per year, the burden became too great for any small body of men. Community fund-raising along sectarian lines replaced or augmented the trustees' donations.

Although funds for the voluntary hospitals are now raised in this manner, the archaic trustee structure persists. True, hospital trustees seek no material gain for themselves; indeed, they contribute generously of their own time and money. But generally speaking they bring a point of view to bear on the economic problems of health administration which is limited in scope and preconditioned by upper-class orientation. Moreover, they are self-selecting, self-perpetuating bodies which represent no numerically significant section of the community they are serving. Trustees represent wealth and power, not people. No labor leaders, no representatives of the municipality or other segment of the community sit among them. Hospital boards are undemocratic in principle, unrepresentative in practice, and are apt to be unimaginative and retrogressive in the results they achieve. Dramatic confirmation of this can be found in the antedeluvian position the trustees took vis-à-vis the hospital workers' demand for union recognition during the recent 46-day New York strike.

THE foregoing analysis of the economic problems which create the dilemma of the voluntary hospitals suggests at least some solutions.

1. The costs of patient care in hospitals should be met by public monies—federal, state and municipal. To those who object to government expenditures in this field, it should be pointed out that the federal government already contributes heavily to hospital costs through income-tax deductions for charitable donations. The present-day philanthropist deducts his hospital donations from income, and it is a rare donor who gives more than the 30 per cent of income permitted as a tax deduction. State tax laws, too, encourage donations; and as for municipalities, they have been in the hospital business for years.

As has already been demonstrated, hospital care should cost even more than it does today. In order to give each patient the utmost benefits of modern science, while at the same time terminating the current exploitation of many segments of the hospital staff, more money is needed. A society that is unprepared to spend money for the improvement

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of its own health deserves the fate *indolence brings*. I believe that our society would enthusiastically support a solution to its health problem—a far worthier objective than the armament race, upon which we are spending more and more billions each year.

2. Philanthropy, which is rewarding both to the donor and the beneficiary, need not and should not be eliminated, although its purpose and direction should be newly defined. Philanthropic monies should no longer be spent to offset ever-mounting deficits; rather, they should be devoted to the exploration of new methods of hospital administration, to research in the endless struggle against disease, and to other activities which go beyond the day-to-day administration of the hospital. The philanthropist would still receive his reward in the knowledge that he is helping to improve the whole health complex of society. Indeed, he would be much better off; no longer would he have to give more and more—not to see his hospital grow, but merely to save it from collapse. The endless race to stay in the same place would end, and the philanthropist could resume his classic role of financing the push on to new frontiers.

3. The governing bodies of the voluntary hospitals should be reconstituted along broader lines in order to cope with modern problems. The new boards might well include some of the present personnel who, by virtue of community leadership, or of special qualifications in the area of medical economics, still have a great contribution to make. But the boards should also include chosen representatives of organized labor as well as trained sociologists, economists and scholars in other disciplines bearing on public-health administration. The possession of wealth should cease being the criterion for membership. Representatives of the federal, state and municipal governments should also sit, but should not constitute a majority. With such a governing body to formulate policy, professional administrators would no longer need to devote their efforts to shoring up an obsolete economic structure, but could concentrate on creating a new structure better suited to society's needs.

4. Finally, by intelligent re-planning of hospital facilities, more efficiency could easily be introduced. Hospitals which cost over $30,000 per bed to construct and $30 per bed daily to operate should not be occupied by patients well on their way to recovery, or by aged people who are victims of chronic diseases. Each voluntary hospital should have attached to it a modern nursing home for convalescents, for which the medical supervision would be furnished by the hospital staff. In addition, each major hospital should have a special unit for the care of the aging sick and chronically ill, whose needs—in terms of hospital facilities—are much less than those of an acutely ill patient being prepared for, or just recovering from, a major operation. Here again the hospital would furnish the necessary medical supervision.

As part of the care for the aged, there should be a home-care program for bedridden patients who have no immediate need for expensive hospital equipment. A visiting team of doctor, nurse and social worker could supervise the medical care of these patients while their own relatives furnish the love and affection which *means so much as life nears its end.*

IF hospitals were underwritten by tax funds, there would be no further need for the distinction between public (municipally operated) hospitals for indigents and voluntary hospitals serving the same kind of patient. All cases could be taken care of in the modern hospital complex I have described. In such a medical center, teaching and research would blossom, and doctors would be able to teach their students every aspect of medical science in one location. Indeed, eventually the logical place for medical schools would be approximate to these great medical centers.

That any such development will not happen immediately is obvious. But this is the direction in which we must go if we are to solve the complex problems of patient care in the *fast-changing* world of ever-expanding scientific knowledge.

CRIME IN A CHANGING SOCIETY

Social Values and the Criminal Act . . *by Terence Morris*

THAT CRIME is in the forefront of the social ills of our time can scarcely be denied. In England and Wales over half a million crimes of a fairly serious nature were committed in 1957, and the tide is still rising. The criminality of adolescents and young adults, as measured by the proportions convicted each year, becomes progressively more widespread. Nobody has so far determined with accuracy the annual cost of crime prevention and detection, the administration of justice, and the treatment of the offender both in and out of institutions. In the United States, crime costs have been estimated at between $10 and $20 billion a year, the annual cost of operating state and federal institutions alone being some $225 million.

The problem of crime is scarcely new; what is new is the realization that in a society such as modern Britain, with its "Welfare State," the simple theory that crime stems from poverty, economic insecurity and

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their associated evils is no longer tenable. Crime, in fact, has progressed hand in hand with social welfare and social security. That this should be so is a source of concern to the advocates of the Welfare State in whatever form. High crime rates and high living standards are not limited to Britain. In Scandinavia and West Germany the picture is not dissimilar, and the United States, which enjoys the highest living standard in the Western world, has its most formidable crime problem; moreover youthful crime, which forms the core of the American problem, is not limited to the socially underprivileged, but extends to serious offenses among middle-class children.

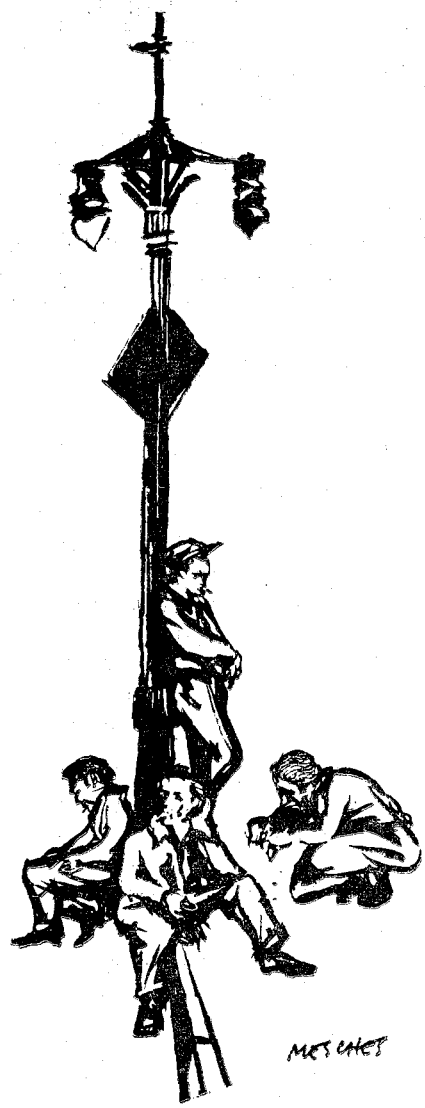
THE British Government has issued a White Paper, *Penal Practice in a Changing Society,* which has important implications for the American as well as the British prison system. The man behind it, R. A. Butler, has acquired during his tenure as Home Secretary a reputation as a forward-looking administrator with a keen interest in the penal field. Under him, an unprecedentedly large program of research into the causes of crime and treatment of offenders has been launched—partly official and partly operated by university departments with government funds. It indicates "the problem with which crime confronts us and the agencies which exist to deal with it." Its title, though challenging, is in some respects misleading. In the first place, the paper is concerned largely with prisons and reformatories, which although they may form the core of the penal system, by no means constitute the entire field of penal practice. As far as "the changing society" is concerned, there is very little discussion indeed, and no attempt is made to relate recent social changes to the current increase in crime. The introduction states categorically that the paper "does not seek to deal with those deep-seated causes which, even were they fully understood, would be largely beyond the reach of Government action."

Crime is essentially a social act, socially defined and sanctioned. Crime must therefore in one sense be appropriate to the society in which it takes place, and if ours is a society given over to the pursuit of material prosperity and at the same time one which places a not infrequent emphasis on the use of violence and force, it is not perhaps surprising that the *motifs* of contemporary crime will bear some resemblance to the dominant values of society. Such a deterministic view of anti-social behavior is in contrast with a basic assumption which underlies current criminal law and much penal treatment both in Britain and in the United States, i.e., the assumption that normal men act rationally and in their own self-interest.

The White Paper "looks forward to the possibility of a fundamental re-examination of penal philosophy on the basis of knowledge to be gained [through research]." One can only say that such a re-examination is long overdue, for just as social research has indicated the invalidity of many of the explanations of crime cherished in the nineteenth century —that crime is due to poverty, bad housing, low intelligence, physical inferiority and so forth—so psychology, and especially psychoanalysis, have exploded once and for all the myth of the rationality of man. While it may be true in one sense that men consciously choose to commit crime, in another the range of their choice may be so limited by the dimensions of personality that they may be driven into conflict with society by impulses they are ill-equipped to resist. Punishment in the form of repression is an anachronism in any therapeutic climate. What some penologists forget, however, is that some sections of the community still demand vengeance, irrespective of whether reform follows or not. And it is of little use telling the mob to stop howling for the blood of sex-murderers and the like, and quietly to go away. Some method must be devised to channel their emotions into socially harmless outlets.

This White Paper is in many ways a strange document, with certain chameleon-like qualities, containing both forward-looking ideas as well as the platitudinous clichés abounding in so many official documents. Essentially it consists in a review of present trends in penal treatment and sets forth certain practical aims for the future, consisting in the main of a new prison-building program. Where the paper fails is in the naïveté of its evaluation of current penal methods and its refusal to grasp the philosophical nettle and decide *what it is that we are trying to do with criminals.*

As long ago as 1895, a British inquiry group (the Gladstone Committee) argued that prisons should send prisoners out "better men and women, physically and morally, than when they came in." Although this has been the manifest objective for half a century, whether it has ever been achieved is another story. As many prison officials will openly state, Rule 6 of Britain's Prison Rules, which exhorts the staff to "establish in prisoners the will to lead a good and useful life on discharge and to fit them to do so" is often a mere edifice of fine words. The White Paper admits that penal



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methods may have to change, seeing research as a basis for reappraisal; but in the last analysis this may come to nothing. When it has been scientifically demonstrated that hanging and flogging have no deterrent value, they are still demanded on the grounds of morality—"the child murderer has forfeited his right to live," "the young hoodlum *deserves* to suffer pain"—and there is little reason to suppose that the implications of future research into the value of other penal methods would be accepted if they conflicted with the emotions of powerful sections of the community.

Throughout the paper, reference is made to "training," but nowhere is this defined. It has various interpretations — character building, the imparting of industrial skills and so forth. The aims of training need clarification, but this would involve not only the acceptance of therapy as a prior objective over punishment, but a dramatic reorganization of the whole structure of today's penal institutions. At present their predominant characteristics are deprivation and coercion, and while improvements in sanitation, pastel paint and TV may lessen the physical rigors of imprisonment, the deeper psychological pains remain. Although there are "open" prisons, in Britain and in other countries, the vast majority of convicts spend their days in overcrowded cells and workshops, hemmed in by massive walls, innumerable doors and gates which are locked by keys often so large that their size must relate to their symbolism rather than their efficiency.

IN BRITAIN, plans are afoot for a building program more ambitious than any since the nineteenth century. Much of it is projected into the future, and there is no guarantee that some financial crisis may not cause delays of ten to fifteen years. Dartmoor, the Alcatraz of British prisons, is literally falling down after more than a century, its damp, beaded walls symbolizing the penology of a bygone age; its successor is urgently overdue. All along the line new structures are planned, but if they were all built tomorrow, there would still be nearly two thousand out of a total of twenty-five thousand British convicts sleeping three to a cell.

It has been argued that the only way to lessen overcrowding—which is no less acute in American institutions—is to acquire more prisons. In the White Paper, it is contended that these should be "open" prisons constructed out of abandoned military camps or large country houses which impoverished upper-class families can no longer afford. Such prisons have only token security fences and depend upon the "honor" system. Unfortunately there is a limit to their usefulness. Not every prisoner is suitable for "open" conditions, nor do some prisoners have long enough sentences to warrant their transfer from city prisons to these rural locations.

In the United States, there is a clear line between the penitentiary, or reformatory, and the county jail; in Britain, the "local" prison, as it is called, must accept everyone—the seven-day drunk, the debtor, the small-time thief, the man under sentence of death. Men beginning a sentence of two years and over must normally spend the first eighteen months in the local prison. In consequence, the big city prison, like London's Pentonville or Liverpool's Walton, is an unholy amalgam of every criminal and delinquent condition. The real answer to the problem is to introduce some element of planning into the sentencing policy of the courts.

The endless succession of drunks and vagrants that clutter up Britain's local prisons—sometimes twenty or thirty times in a year—could and should go elsewhere. There is needed, too, some flexibility in the operation of long sentences. Under English law, a man may normally earn no more than one-third remission of a fixed sentence, so that if he gets twelve years he must serve eight. What is needed in Britain is a parole system for long-term prisoners (whose numbers are increasing along with the average length of their sentences) which uses proven techniques of statistical prediction to guide parole decisions.

The standard of social welfare work in British prisons remains, with certain outstanding exceptions, deplorably low, and compared with the American scene the psychiatrist, the psychologist and the counselor are rare figures indeed. The need for trained professional workers in these fields is as great, if not greater, than the need for new buildings. A good correctional institution is more than a gleaming edifice of concrete, steel and glass; it is the workshop of a team of skilled people concerned to turn social failures into useful citizens.

BUT PERHAPS the most tragic fact about prisons today in both Britain and America is that literally thousands of men are being kept in conditions of under-employment and idleness. In Britain, every prisoner is theoretically at work, and in the reformatories for adolescents and the training prisons for men, the working week approaches the norm of the outside world. But the vast majority of prisoners never get beyond the local prison, where the working day is seldom more than three hours long, and "work" consists of sewing mailbags, breaking up telecommunications equipment, or picking rags. In the county jail in America, things are often far worse; in some there is no work at all. The situation extends to some American state prisons, too; in one the writer visited, there is a group actually known as the "idle men"—men who are physically incapable of doing what jobs are available, men who *will* not work, and able-bodied men for whom there simply is no work.

In both the United States and Britain, prisoners are dependent for work upon state contracts, of which many other state institutions, such as mental hospitals, claim a rightful share. The cry has always been raised that criminals should not take the bread out of honest men's mouths, but this argument holds little water when offenders who are fined or placed on probation are allowed to continue to earn their living like anyone else. The mentally corrosive effects of idleness are such that it should be imperative that offenders, whose characters are often notoriously weak, should have enough to do. But quite apart from the anti-therapeutic effects of idleness, the prisoner surely has a right to work. Work is as essential to man's social existence as food and light and air are to his

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body. It is illogical to satisfy one set of basic needs and deny another.

But granted this, the moment prison labor competes on the open market it becomes vulnerable to the conditions of the market, and while under full employment there is little to fear, as the tide of unemployment encroaches, many voices will be raised against prisoners having work while honest men are idle. The prisoner cannot, however, be regarded in perpetuity as an economic as well as a social outcast. Even when he is out of sight behind the prison wall he is still costing the community money (the community supporting not only him, but often his family, too). If prison-labor production were subsidized, it could hardly cost more than the present arrangement, and at the same time the process of rehabilitation would be aided.

Ultimately the question "What do we *want* to do with our criminals?" must come back to the community as a whole. If we wish to punish, it is reasonable to ask what punishment achieves; certainly the evidence of history is that severity of punishment does not by itself deter. If it is vengeance we want, what has become of our charity in a society which calls itself humanitarian? If we wish to turn anti-social beings into useful citizens, there are other avenues which must be explored. In the past, there were no techniques whereby correctional programs could be evaluated; the social sciences, however, can now begin to offer some modest assistance here, and in both Britain and America research programs are under way to assess the effectiveness of certain methods of treating the offender. There have probably been too many "scientific success stories" in the past; current research needs to be critical and objective, and at the same time indicative of where the weaknesses of the present methods actually lie.

"Society bears in its womb the embryo of every crime that is to be committed; it prepares for the crime while the criminal is merely the tool." The Belgian social theorist Adolphe Quételet wrote this nearly a century ago, and his words have a contemporary meaning. It has yet to be demonstrated that any offender is wholly free from some social handicap, or physical or mental handicap which has social significance. He is at unease with the world and has many needs, and although his personal responsibility for his actions may not have diminished to vanishing point, his needs remain. And in the long run, the needs of the offender are the self-interest of the community as a whole.

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES . . *a SHORT STORY by Wilma Shore*

SOMETHING . . . what? There was something wrong. August Hammacher struggled up out of sleep, throwing it off like the balloonist at the County Fair throwing out his sandbags.

He was alone in bed. But it was nothing, he thought; one of the children must have had some little pain or other; too much ice cream and lemonade, maybe. That was part of the Fourth, someone always woke up with a bellyache.

He turned on his side, smoothing down his nightshirt, and closed his eyes. She would be back soon, the night was cool and still, and he was full of contentment. No two ways about it, the Fourth was still the best holiday of them all. You couldn't beat Thanksgiving and Christmas morning, that rich, generous smell, onions and cinnamon and burning wax; but once dinner was over there was nothing to look forward to, nothing to do but sit around all afternoon, half asleep from too much food and not enough air. It was like being under siege, every house a little fortress, with the family huddled inside and the doors and windows closed tight against the outdoors.

But on the Fourth, man and nature seemed to celebrate together. What a day it had been, a real humdinger! The sky as clear as water, and a good stiff breeze; all down the block the flags were flapping and snapping, the stripes writhing and on top the gold balls glinting in the sun. And the little girls, so curled and starched; how they flew across the back yard! Like a flock of little birds, little chattering sparrows. And Johnny, wild as a colt, you thought his eyes would pop right out of his head; "Let me! Papa, let *me!* One more firecracker!" Even while he was eating, a drumstick in one hand and an ear of corn in the other, and the butter running down his chin.

All at once, like Alice through the looking glass, he had passed through the wide eyes of his son back into his own boyhood. When the Fourth was a wondrous box that you opened first thing in the morning and all day long the miracles came pouring out, from the *bang! bang! bang!* of the firecrackers at sunrise right on down to the best, the most magical of all; the sharp bitter smell of gunpowder filled his head, he felt the awful pain of joy in his chest; there was the spitting, hissing, fizz of the sparklers and the rushing *whooosh* of the rockets, and the brilliant bursting lights arched across the black sky, like everything beautiful and extraordinary in the world come together, pink and green and metal yellow, hanging for one proud instant in the very air. . . . People's stars, not God's. This was the day that men put their own stars in the sky. . . . The way they put stars on the flag. . . . Flowers in the air as God put them in the fields . . . daisies, buttercups. . . . *His big sister leaned over and stuck her hand under his chin; do you like butter?* . . .

The faint neat *clop, clip, clop* of

WILMA SHORE'S short stories have appeared in two anthologies: Prize Stories 1958 *(Doubleday) and* The Best Short Stories *(Houghton Mifflin).*

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horseshoes woke him again; so sad and sweet, so lonely in the enormous night. He lay and listened till it lingered only as an echo in his mind, like a pulse. Some fellow on his way home, he thought, must have had a big night, and he smiled to himself; the smug smile of a man who has passed beyond all that and finds he does not regret it too much; no, by God, he had rather be quiet in his own bed with his own wife. . . .

She was gone a long time, perhaps there was something really wrong? But he would have heard a child cry, or she would have come and told him to get dressed and go for the doctor. By God, he could cover those ten blocks in five minutes, if he had to.

Maybe the carriage he had just heard was someone going for the doctor; diphtheria, appendicitis. He was lucky to live right close in. Nowadays so many were getting the telephone. Maybe I should, he thought; but what was the use of spending all that money when he could be on the doctor's doorstep in five minutes? He had better ways to spend his money, with three children to raise, and Martha's mother to take care of, and prices going up all the time. Nothing to worry about, he was making a good living, God be thanked, but there was no use to throw money out the window. Even Martha didn't really want all those extra electric wires right inside the house, which was foolish, there was no danger to it, but still and all, why throw away money?

No, if it ever got so that Martha wanted it, well and good; but in the meantime he was satisfied with what he had. You bet he was! A fine shingle house, a good practice, a healthy family, a wonderful wife. Pretty as the day he married her, to his way of thinking, although she complained about her waistline. But he always told her, "As long as I can get my arm around it, that's all you need to worry about." And she always laughed and felt better. Before the children, he could span her waist with his two hands. That was with her corsets laced tight, of course, and his hands were big, too big for a dentist, really; but he had a good practice and was well respected.

The old chestnut tree brushed against the wall of the house. The breeze had fallen at sundown but after dark it had sprung up again; it made a nice cool evening. How fast the flares and the bright stars had drifted over east! It was a nice display, if he did say so himself, and enough: nearly two dollars' worth. He couldn't see why Johnny should have cried at the last. Still, in his heart he knew, he remembered; no matter how many there were, the last one meant the end of the magic and the pride; all of a sudden there was nothing left but a few scorched places in the grass, and the red firecracker papers that your mother would make you pick up next day from under the bushes. His father would take a deep breath, rubbing his big square hands together, and say, "Well, dot's all." And suddenly it was the regular world, where you had oatmeal every day for breakfast and had to bring in the wood before you went out and wear high, laced shoes that kept coming untied, and America was just the place where you lived.

Ah, but on the Fourth it was America the beautiful! Columbia, the gem of the ocean! Oh, beautiful, for spacious skies! When the band went past the music pushed through your veins, you could feel your blood bubbling like sarsaparilla; the little fife so high and shrill, and the sharp, tight drumbeats rattling on your brain. *America! America!* It was like your birthday, it celebrated *you,* an American; and yet it was so much bigger and finer, everybody was in it; the whole town, the whole country.

NOW IT was different. When you were a boy, America was the best country the way your school was the best school and your block was the best block; because it was *yours.* But when you were a man you shivered at the music because you had *thought* about America. Not if you were third or fourth generation, maybe; but if your father was a poor farm boy from Austria, and you knew you had just missed being a poor farm boy yourself, then the flag was not simply *your* flag; it stood for the greatest victory against tyranny ever; and Paul Revere was not some crazy galoot that rode around all night hollering but a brave patriot who risked his life for *you,* so you could have a modern swivel chair downstairs in the office, and a cabinet full of clean steel drills and forceps, and be a vestryman, a member of the school board, somebody. Even though your father was born on a little Austrian farm, and your mother came from Glasgow in the steerage, with three gold guineas knotted in a handkerchief. . . .

There were tears in his eyes; were they for America, the beautiful, or his mother, smooth-haired and straight-backed at the head of the table? Maggie Lauchlin; she was a good woman, he thought, and suddenly his mouth remembered the taste of the little silver watch she wore pinned to her waist; at night when she sang him to sleep his head would slip forward, bobbing as they rocked, till he could feel the hard silver lozenge between his lips, and pass the very tip of his tongue across the crystal.

WHERE was Martha? He pushed up on one elbow; should he go and see what was the matter? But she would let him know if she wanted him. She was worth two of him when the kids were sick, for all his degree and his years of practice. He lay down again. What a wonderful creature a woman was! They just seemed to know things, without trying, from out of the air; what to do for croup, how to can a bushel of tomatoes or corn a cut of beef or take out a stain on the tablecloth. Some day they would get the vote. He thought they should, though he would never have told anyone. Man *or* woman.

He slid over to her side of the bed, to have it nice and warm when she came back; if there was one thing made her miserable it was a cold bed, even in summer. Then he heard a new sound. All night the house spoke to itself, like an old woman telling over the day's events; after a while you stopped listening. But this was a door closing. It seemed to come from upstairs; that meant little Johnny.

Panic stung him; perhaps the bad Roman candle. . .? That was crazy, he had gotten it in time, snatched it

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from the tight little fist and doused it in the rain barrel. If anybody had been hurt it would have been himself. Might have gotten a bad burn, if he had been a second later. Might have lost a hand, he thought, and a sudden terrible sickness hit his stomach and ran all through him, out to the tips of his fingers. He twitched them, involuntarily. Imagine, a dentist with only one hand! Oh, I'll tell that Rafe Gutweiler, he thought with fury, selling me bad fireworks! Next year I buy from Stapleton. *Remember!* he thought.

Now he could make out the whisper of her feet on the stairs; he rolled back to his own side. Wasn't it strange? This was the first time he had ever thought of any danger to himself. When he heard that funny sputter he had just acted. That was how it was to be a parent. He could remember the time his father got his arm broken, pushing him out of the path of a horse when he was only four or five. Even animals: the way Mimsy, the cat, stood up to the Harrisons' Rex when he came sniffing around her kittens. A big Labrador retriever that could have eaten her in one gulp. She was a good cat. Later he had heard Johnny talking to the kittens in his high little voice. "Now you must be *very obedience!* And do whatever your *Mama says*, because she saved you from not being eaten *all up.*"

He was still smiling when Martha came in. In the faint moonlight he could see her turn and softly close the door, holding it with both hands.

"I'm awake."

She slipped off her kimono. "And I tried to be so quiet!"

"I just woke up," he said, watching her lay the kimono over the back of the rocker. "What was the matter?"

She sat on the edge of the bed and with one brisk movement swung down her shoulders and tucked her legs under the sheet. "Why, it's warm!" She moved toward him and kissed his cheek. "You made it warm for me!"

"What was the matter?" he said again. "Is he all right? Not—" But he couldn't say, *burned,* because that was crazy.

"It was just a bad dream. I heard him call out in his sleep. From all the excitement; he was dreaming about rockets." Well, he thought, that proves there were enough fireworks, anyhow. Nearly two dollars' worth.

She had a special smell of sleep, a warm furry smell. He rubbed his nose against her hair. "I missed you. I woke up and you were gone."

She turned and flung up one arm. "He was shivering all over, poor little thing. I said, 'Well, son, the rockets are done now till next year.' But he kept saying, 'No, Mama, these are different rockets, *bad* rockets. Big as a house! Big as two houses! After they get up in the sky they come apart, and the pieces fall down, and they hurt everybody!' *Cry*ing! Oh, dear! 'Big rockets, Mama,' he kept saying. 'Big enough to light up a whole *state!* Big enough to light up the whole state of New York State!' "

He wanted to laugh, but he could tell she was still upset; he put his arm over her shoulder. "Oh, Augie, it was *pitiful!* I said, 'Now, son, it was just a dream.' I said, 'Why would anybody do a crazy thing like that? Send things up in the air that would fall down and *hurt* people? Why, the law would stop it. The law would never let them do a thing like that.' Then he quieted down."

She stretched, sighing. Then everything was still; all except the old chestnut tree, stroking the side of the house. For a moment he had a feeling about the house, *his* house, that he had made and maintained by the work of his hands and his mind, holding his family, that he and she had created and nurtured together; he felt the house and the family warm and quiet in sleep. And now the special day was truly ended and tomorrow would begin the regular world, the slow, sweet process of growth and change. "Well, dot's all," he said aloud.

She stirred. "What?"

But it was too much to explain. He patted her shoulder to say he loved her and knew she loved him and that together they were all right, everything was all right. And, smiling, he fell asleep.

THE URBAN VACUUM . . *by Michael D. Reagan*

A GAP of serious proportions has appeared in our political system. Our problems on the domestic side are dominantly community problems—delinquency, slums, housing, crime, water supply, school construction, educational program, rapid transit, urban sprawl and (above all) racial integration. National politics hasn't yet learned to handle such problems, while local resources, both financial and political, appear to be inadequate to cope with them alone. The result is an increasing deterioration of the urban environment, of the "livability" level of the cities; and, politically, a lack of adequate contact between local needs and national ability to meet them.

National politics in the thirties was more successful in elevating domestic problems to the level of national issues. Indeed, the political *élan* of the New Deal was due in large part to the citizen's feeling that Washington and the political parties were concerned with his vital day-to-day needs. Today, the citizen does not sense this concern; the wide gap that separates his major interests from those which most involve the energies of the national political leaders accounts at least in part for the vacuity which characterizes the current national political scene.

There is reason for this development. Compared with today's, the domestic issues of the thirties were more obviously national: labor's right to organize, social insurance, stock-market manipulation, the

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weakness of agricultural markets, banking safety, hours-and-wages legislation. All these problems had this in common: if they were to be handled at all, national action was required. And national action could be effective without complementary state or community action: a national wage minimum could be established by Congress; so could the right to collective bargaining in interstate commerce. Moreover, most of these functional areas did not lie traditionally within state and local jurisdiction, and in any case all were clearly outside the range of effective local control.

Today's problems are of quite a different character. Education, delinquency and urban development by tradition are problems of exclusively local jurisdiction. No matter how poorly they are handled, or how wide their impact on the nation, there remains an assumption that they are "simply local." There is a sort of mental block that makes it difficult to accept them as constituting *national* issues. They *are* beyond the reach of exclusively national solution to the extent that they require local action even to carry out national programs. Federal aid for public housing is not self-executing; it requires use of municipal, as well as national, leadership and money. Unlike the problems of the thirties, there is little the national government can do alone to solve the crises of the cities.

THE GENERAL political problem thus posed results from the fact that our national political system is unaccustomed to handling "local" issues. Yet making our cities "fit to live in, and do business in, is one of the most challenging national missions of the coming decades," as Jeanne R. Lowe wrote recently in *Harper's* magazine. But how does one make a national mission out of specifically community problems? On desegregation (the most vital of all, and increasingly a problem of Northern residential patterns as much as of Southern educational practices), the record of the national parties is dismal. The 1956 Democratic platform rejected "all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination" of school desegregation. The Republican platform, with an equal lack of vigor, asserted the supremacy of the Constitution and *accepted* the Court's desegregation decision. Neither party proposed any concrete program for implementation of its generalizations. The race issue is clearly national in impact, yet the individual communities in which resolution must be effected are left entirely to their own devices as far as the national parties are concerned.

In aggregate, urban problems form the bulk of our domestic problems; a politics that fails to make them its focal points cannot attract the imagination of the citizen. In this sense, national politics has become irrelevant, unreal. And if the problems aren't given adequate national attention and leadership, they won't be solved, for city finances are insufficient to the needs. The property-tax base has reached its apparent maximum yield in many communities; debt limits have been reached; the best supplementary tax bases have been pre-empted by state and federal governments. The states, dominated by rural legislatures, have shown little willingness to help solve urban problems; they have not even demonstrated awareness that the problems exist.

Less obvious but of equal importance in assessing the inability of cities to pull themselves up by their bootstraps is the lack of leadership at the local level. Not every city can hope to have a mayor with the dynamism of Richard Lee in New Haven. In any case, the tradition of local government is against strong executive leadership. For many years the assumption has prevailed that the municipal executive job was simply administrative — to carry out the policies of the city council; yet in case after case it has been demonstrated that to leave things to city legislatures is to leave things undone. (See, for example, the handling of Chicago's housing needs by the City Council, as related by Meyerson and Banfield in *Politics, Planning and the Public Interest.*) We have learned this lesson at the national level; even conservatives are now calling for Presidential leadership. We need to learn it at the local level, too. But this will not happen overnight, and meanwhile the cities deteriorate. Vigorous national leadership could stimulate, and even provide at least a partial substitute for, local leadership. While isolated urban-renewal programs have been widely publicized, there are ten communities in need of drastic overhaul for each one that is doing anything substantial. We cannot afford to wait while our cities rot.

WE NEED a new politics for a new "federalism," a cooperative federalism of the national government and the cities. We need a politics that can raise these "local" problems to the level of national issues. The obstacles are formidable.

The tradition of local responsibility is almost as strong as the tradition of individual responsibility — and equally outmoded. The single community can no more solve the complex dislocations and dilemmas of industrial urbanization unaided than can the individual worker solve the national problem of unemployment. Slogans about the virtues of traditional federalism and local self-help are signs either of social blindness or of deliberate "ostrichism."

As Galbraith has so strikingly illustrated, the "conventional wisdom" of America is an anti-public-action ideology. Problems are supposed to solve themselves — though just how private enterprise is to solve problems of education, slum clearance, urban transportation, etc., goes unspecified. This ideology is strongest at state and local political levels, which is one important reason why its adherents very shrewdly insist on avoidance of federal "interference in local concerns." Those who fear the enlargement of governmental functions are the ones who also fear increased public expenditure generally. And rebuilding our cities will be an extremely expensive job — a job made necessary by the absence of planning in their original development.

The factor of social class, which Vance Packard [*The Status Seekers*, David McKay Co.] is now making a respectable topic for political

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conversation, also enters the picture. As the upper and upper-middle classes move out to the suburbs, the cities become increasingly lower-middle and working class in composition. Most in need of political help, these are the groups that lack the bases of influence in wealth and education which are needed for effective self-representation. As the potential middle-class leaders move out and sink into suburban complacency, the cities may lose what little leadership they now have.

THE NEW POLITICS must rest on a coalition — centralized, well organized, well financed — of urban mayors, public-housing associations, unions, ACTION, the Urban League and NAACP, social workers' associations and other groups with stakes in the rebuilding of the cities. Since one of the chief jobs of the alliance would be to lobby Washington, it would have to be a cross-party alliance; for while the greater receptivity to national programs can be expected from the Democratic Party, the looseness of the party system in Washington makes the bipartisan approach advisable.

The Lobby For Our Cities, as it might call itself, should become a clearing house for ideas and coordinated research into urban needs, as well as for direct legislative pressure. As the editors of *Fortune* have pointed out in *The Exploding Metropolis*, even the best of the new mayors are not doing much *long-range* planning. The effectiveness of research into urban problems can be magnified by pooling community resources.

A tightening of the party system, designed to give greater weight to Presidential majorities, would enhance the opportunities of effective action in these areas, as in others. The urban population becomes a continually larger majority of the population, but this majority is not yet reflected at its full weight in national politics. The nature of the Presidential electoral process is such as to emphasize the votes of the most populous states, while the Senate represents land areas and the House suffers from rural gerrymandering. Thus the President is the obvious candidate for leadership in attacking the national evils of unplanned urbanization. Yet, unless better party discipline can be established, Presidential leadership at its best may be no match for a Congress ruled by rural Southerners.

We also need a reversal of the tradition, well entrenched in some areas, that national party lines have no place in local politics. As local problems come to require national leadership and financial aid, an alliance of city political leaders with national parties becomes essential. The substitution at local level of "blue" and "white" parties for the two major national parties is an anomaly which might work only in a simpler age. Bipartisan "deals" by local Democrats and Republicans are no better. Local party leaders with strong ties to the national level are needed effectively to impress the national leaders with the electoral potential of urban issues; nothing would more surely produce action. At the same time local politics, thus linked to national issues and national personalities, might well itself be enlivened and draw greater electoral interest.

All this, of course, presupposes the development of discernible national party positions on urban development which would give voters a genuine choice. The piecemeal approach of current proposals in Congress fails in this respect. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether Lyndon Johnson wants to run as a Democrat or a Republican.

With national parties abstaining from local politics, local interests tend to determine policy by compromises marked by a lowest-common-denominator quality. This is the road to ruin. As national programs to meet urban needs become more necessary and more clearly developed, there is at least a chance that some discipline and a real sense of community interest may be grafted onto a process that usually operates on a log-rolling basis. This would be clear gain.

The price to be paid for effective handling of urban problems is the surrender of a local autonomy that is no longer viable in any case. Urbanization is, after all, a universal phenomenon of industrialization. The problems of New York and Philadelphia are in large measure also the problems of Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Kansas City and San Francisco. The desegregation decision and its decentralized implementation offer us a lesson in handling other "local" problems, too. It is the local school that has to be desegregated, and the speed of action will vary with the local situation. But the pace of change would have been immeasurably slower had it not been for the *national* decision and the *national* leadership of the Warren Court. The President's failure to follow through on the Faubus insurrection is a negative illustration of the same point: without continued national leadership by the Executive, obstructionism may prevail for a long time. Mr. Eisenhower's handling of housing, unemployment compensation and school construction has not been notably better. Result: inaction or inadequate action.

The challenge is clear: federalism must not become a mere excuse for inaction; it must be resuscitated and transformed into a modern alliance of national government and metropolitan areas to provide the sense of purpose and the vigor which most urban communities are unable to develop alone.

(*Continued from inside cover*)

involved only getting raw data, and correlating them. I do not think that this has yet been done by any government agency.

E. W. PFEIFFER
University of North Dakota
Grand Forks, N. D.

Ticket of Leave

Dear Sirs: After reading Robb Burlage's excellent discussion of "The Silent Faculty" in your May 16 issue, it saddens me to recall that Mr. Burlage himself is a victim of the very bureaucracy which he criticizes so ably.

Mr. Burlage was removed from his elective position as editor of *The Daily Texan* a short time ago. The reason for his removal offers a fine example of the pettiness of some campus administrators.

His crime: too many parking tickets.

SMILEY ANDERS
Editor, *The Daily Reveille*
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Nation of Tabby Cats

REDEDICATION TO FREEDOM. By Benjamin Ginzburg. Simon & Schuster. 177 pp. $3.50.

Fred J. Cook

BENJAMIN GINZBURG has written in *Rededication to Freedom* an eloquent, vital book which probes deeply into the intellectual miasma of witch hunt and suspicion that has robbed American democracy of its most precious heritage from the Founding Fathers—the guarantee of individual freedom of thought and speech and conscience. It is a compact, hard-hitting plea that America be true to itself and return to the ideals of personal liberty it was the first to give to the world. Ginzburg's book is in effect a long essay, solidly rooted in fact, lofty in its dedication to basic American ideals and eloquent in its language. Quotable on almost every page, it has an intellectual kinship to John Stuart Mill's famous "Essay on Liberty." For our times, Ginzburg is as vital as Mill.

Mill's basic theme was that "a State, which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished. . . ." Ginzburg's treatise is, in a way, the proof of Mill's theorem; for, as Ginzburg shows, the era of small men is with us, spawned by the oppressive atmosphere of an age in which we have turned our backs on the principles of liberty that nurtured the great.

The central theme of *Rededication to Freedom* is simply this: You cannot tamper with the Bill of Rights, you cannot water it down and weaken it to hunt Communists without damaging liberty irreparably for everyone. Ginzburg, for two years research director for the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, says in the foreword that he discovered "the American people had been cajoled into giving up an essential part of its birthright in exchange for a mess of pottage—and a poisonous mess of pottage at that."

He points out that we have abandoned "the basic principle behind the Bill of Rights" that calls for the State "to keep its hands off the expression and propagation of ideas and opinions—even of erroneous ideas and opinions—and to confine itself to the regulation and control, under strict rules of due process, of physical acts that interfere with peace and order." Ginzburg emphasizes that the repressive measures we have embraced have not been used primarily to hunt Communists, but to persecute non-Communists and to crush, as far as possible, all liberal thought. He amply documents this position. He traces the witch hunt back to its creator, Martin Dies, the Congressman from Texas, who spearheaded the conservative attempt to besmirch Franklin Roosevelt with the suspicion of a Moscow-inspired radicalism. He points out that Dies, in his first summary of his achievements, gave priority to the claim that he had paralyzed "the influence of the left-wing element in the Roosevelt Administration" and discredited "John L. Lewis and the Congress of Industrial Organizations." Dies relegated to third place on his committee's scroll of honor its activities in ferreting out Communists and Nazis.

This same theme of anti-liberalism runs throughout the years-long cultivation of the myth of an overwhelming Communist domestic menace. Ginzburg thrusts a sharp lance through the heart of the loyalty-security program so dear to the policemen of the FBI and their collaborators, the witch-hunters on Congressional committees. He quotes the National Industrial Conference Board Study on Industrial Security published in 1952 as offering this pearl of advice to the nation's leading industrialists:

> Even if you don't have a trained saboteur in hire, industrial security can pay off in peacetime. It can help you rid your plant of agitators who create labor unrest, who promote excessive grievances, slowdowns and strikes, and encourage worker antipathy toward management. These actions cost your company money.

Could there be a more brazen confession of the devious purposes that have led so many powerful forces in America to embrace so enthusiastically the Communist witch hunt?

Ginzburg points out that the loyalty screening program, adopted by the Truman administration after it had taken a beating from the Republicans in the Congressional elections of 1946, has spread to cities, counties, states, and to private groups like large industrial corporations, the television and motion picture industries and the universities. Everybody is screening everybody to see whether he harbors an idea that looks as if it might be dangerous, or potentially dangerous, or possibly dangerous. Ginzburg writes:

> If we add to all these loyalty-security programs the free-lance operations of Federal and state "un-American activities" committees, which take pot shots at citizens at random, the total picture is that of a system of thought control which directly or indirectly reaches out at everybody. The oppressive weight of the system is not to be measured by the number of persons actually punished (by loss of jobs or benefits) as security risks, but by the reluctance of people to join organizations or to speak out on any subject that might get them or their children into security trouble.

There, in that pungent paragraph that holds up a mirror to our age, you have the disgraceful essence of present-day America. A nation that was born in revolution, that was founded on ideals of personal liberty and freedom, has been turned by the insidious virus of the never-ending intellectual witch hunt into a nation of tabby cats fearful of the shadows of their own possibly irreverent thoughts.

SOME persons will probably bridle at Ginzburg's sweeping denunciation of the Communist menace as a myth created out of whole cloth. Conservatives certainly will, and even liberals will be divided upon the point. Reinhold Niebuhr, who endorses the book in a foreword, expresses some careful reservations; so did Norman Thomas in reviewing the work for the *Herald Tribune* Book Review. Both seem concerned about Ginzburg's strictures regarding the Alger Hiss and the Julius-Ethel Rosenberg spy cases. It seems to this reviewer that Ginzburg has brought astute common sense to the evaluation of the so-called Communist menace, and that he has not given undue weight to either the Hiss or the Rosenberg case, both of which belong in any dis-

FRED J. COOK, New York newspaper reporter, wrote the special Nation *issue, "The FBI," which won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for the best magazine feature writing of 1958.*

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cussion that deals with the fundamentals of American freedom—and justice.

Certainly, there were Communists in America, and certainly some of them plotted and connived and attempted at least to engage in espionage. But even in the harshest years of the great depression the number of Communists in America remained amazingly low, and the tribe has since dwindled almost to the vanishing point. Yet we still have the alarms, we are still subjected to fevered indoctrination to get us to accept the reality of the menace. Ginzburg believes—and in view of the indisputable facts who can dispute him?—that nothing could show more clearly the phoniness of the entire deal.

It is a phoniness that has great pertinency when one has to evaluate a case as complex and as shocking in its implications as the Hiss case. I can well understand the dilemma of the liberals, having had myself to fight my way through the maze of prejudice with which the issue was clouded. The very name Hiss had become a dirty word and the symbol of liberal disgrace and betrayal; and the only alternative to Hiss's guilt was that he had been framed on manufactured evidence—a monstrous crime against the principles of justice at which the mind rebels. Only when one has forced oneself to consider the possibility and to weigh the evidence as evidence rather than as prejudice can one begin to appreciate the significance of the Hiss case. And when one does, one is shocked—at least this writer was—by the realization that the prosecution's case creaked in so many places; the fraud was really so obvious it is almost impossible to believe it has been accepted as truth by rational minds. It could not have been, at least in this writer's estimation, except for the blackout of the mind created by the calculated campaign of distortion and propaganda. And that is precisely what Ginzburg is writing about.

His book closes on a note of despair —and of challenge. He observes that always in the past, when the forces of repression tried to tamper with the Bill of Rights, there were Americans of courage and of stature who dared to defy the demagogues and to give the American people the kind of leadership that painted the issues clearly. In the radical witch hunt that followed World War I, there were men like Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and Charles Evans Hughes and Harlan F. Stone. The main difference between that era and this, Ginzburg finds, lies "in the weakening of the public conscience" —in the almost complete absence of men with the courage to speak out. He closes his book by calling for renewed dedication to the ideals of liberty that animated our forefathers. He ends on this high note:

> We who are the heirs of all the values of Western civilization do not need to cringe in fear before the Communist barbarism of Russia and her satellites. All we need to do is to re-establish contact with the spiritual well-springs of our heritage, and then we shall face the present and the future with confident faith and without fear.

Impartial with Passion

FRANCE: A MODERN HISTORY. By Albert Guérard. University of Michigan Press. 563 pp. $8.75.

Henri Peyre

THE University of Michigan Press has launched one of the most enterprising projects of American scholarship and publishing, and thus far one of the most uniformly successful: a History of the Modern World in some fifteen volumes, six of which have already appeared. The volume on France, from the Gauls to the Fifth Republic, required an uncommon talent for selection and compression, hence the sure mastery of an immense material, constantly re-evaluated by French historians who have never ceased fighting over the past of their country. Since it was destined for an English-speaking audience, the book had to be relatively impartial; but it is impartial with passion and not dehumanized by too much adroit fence straddling. Finally, it had to be written with liveliness and with art. The French have traditionally insisted, more than the Germans or recent American historians, that history remain a branch of literature. They would not smile at Macaulay's ambition, that history may replace the latest novel on the lady's dressing table. Albert Guérard has literary grace. He also has the gift of coining felicitous phrases and that of clarity. The sentences of German historians have been compared to those amphibious animals which dive into a turbid river and, after stirring up many eddies, emerge on the other shore with the verb in their mouths. The sentences in this volume are brief and concise; the style carries the reader along in its alert sweep. Yet nothing is unduly simplified. Of all the French-born writers who adopted American as their working language, Albert Guérard is, by a long shot, the most brilliant.

He came to this work, which is the epitome and the testament of a long life of thinking and writing, after a patient preparation. He had long ago interpreted French civilization, weighed the impact of the Napoleonic legend upon French history and devoted volumes to the classical age, to the relations of literature and society, and especially to Napoleon III. A historian of France, like French kings, has his favorites: Napoleon III, a dreamer and a romanticist who understood the spirit of his own times and who encouraged the only vigorous industrial revolution the French effected before their present one, is Guérard's favorite. He underestimates the dismal failures of the Franco-Prussian War, for which Napoleon bears a share of responsibility. But he is right in rehabilitating the Second Empire, one of the most fertile intellectual and artistic periods in French history, on which Guérard, as early as 1913, had written a remarkable book bearing the title, *French Prophets of Yesterday*.

THE general organization of the volume is satisfying: prehistory receives a few pages, the Middle Ages are treated with sympathy and without the attempt of neo-Scholastic historians to reduce its conflicts and its disorder to a harmonious orthodoxy. Michelet is, to any historian of France, the model for the chapters on the Renaissance, and Guérard grants his due to the greatest as well as the least scientific of French historians. The age of Louis XIV is treated with fairness and wisdom. Guérard keeps shy of the preposterous reevaluation of Louis XV as the most admirable of kings, proposed by the academician Pierre Gaxotte and other rightists in France. It has been a

HENRI PEYRE is chairman of the French department, Yale University. His latest book is The Contemporary French Novel.

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calamity for the country that the weight of forceful political thinking and (after Michelet, Louis Blanc and Lamartine) a great deal of the historical interpretation of the French past have been accomplished by men who were anti-democratic.

The chapters on the Third Republic are scrupulously fair and shift the emphasis from political events and from parliamentary life to intellectual history and to the people rather than to their ephemeral rulers. In the truly remarkable chapters devoted to the events of World War II and its aftermath, including illuminating pages on France overseas and on de Gaulle's recent policy, Guérard again displays lucid impartiality.

IMPECCABLE historian that he is in fulfilling Ranke's precept to relate the past as it happened and, as V. H. Galbraith adds, "so far as we know it," Guérard is no historicist. He does not agree that the history of a nation is a sufficient explanation thereof and that a country is fully comprehended in its own development. He is no Hegelian, unwilling to make room for the irrational, for the unconscious surges in the life of a nation, for myths and recurrences of collective and destructive violence in the most civilized of peoples.

His introductory chapter expounds, modestly, his philosophy of history. He repudiates determinism as Michelet had done eloquently, nationalism, or the sad belief of pessimists like Schopenhauer that history is a meaningless recurrence of forces and events to which the human mind strives to attach significance. He knows that we are bound to interpret facts from their consequences and that the present therefore serves as a code which each generation projects upon the past so as to elicit a new interpretation of its secrets. His pilgrimage through ten or fifteen centuries of French history is a pious one but also the fervent voyage of a staunch believer in freedom and in progress.

Specialists may regret that social sciences, and especially the fashionable cultural anthropology, have been relatively neglected in their contribution to historical thought. Economic history, to which Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre resorted with originality to explain the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the history of science and technology in France, the struggles between the cities and the country, then the ascent of the bourgeoisie, the present rise of a new class of *jeunes patrons* and of a technological and "Americanized" labor group averse to ideological feuds, might well have been stressed more firmly. The tone of Albert Guérard is urbane, cordial, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned and secretly nostalgic for the past century in which he lived his early youth and whose writers were among the builders of his soul.

But there is no sign of "crabbed age" in this history of France. It is the swan song of a gifted and indefatigable writer; it will strike long echoes in the minds of several generations of readers and of students to come. The work is one of reference, of daily usefulness, and also one which will provide joy and incite many minds to further fruitful reflection.

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Antic Beyond Kafka

THE EMPIRE CITY. By Paul Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill. 621 pp. $6.95.

Earl H. Rovit

SATIRE has traditionally concerned itself with possible reforms. It has characteristically aimed at some specific malfunctioning of society, dramatized in the grotesque thought and behavior of a selected group of characters. In order to achieve purgation by ridicule, it has preferred to mount its attacks where it could fight with a possible chance of success; that is, where its criticisms could bring clarity and health — if only for a brief aesthetic moment — to a diseased portion of reality.

EARL H. ROVIT is a member of the English department of the University of Louisville.

But the twentieth century has seen a frantic dislocation of values. Unable to anticipate an automatic acceptance of his "goods" and "bads," the humorist cannot be sure that the reader will recognize a grotesque as a grotesque and make the appropriate purgative response. He cannot even be sure that rational intelligence (traditionally the prime weapon in the humorist's armory) has any longer a commanding place in the scheme of things. Accordingly, ever since Kafka turned a man into a cockroach, satire has been forced to grapple with broader impossibilities and posture in increasingly antic attitudes. We may even have reached a point where, as in *Lolita* or *Catcher in the Rye*, the most successful satirical effect can be achieved in what Mr. Goodman might call "the presence of the absence of humor."

Virtuous Pagan

A Last View of Professor Emeritus J. M. M. 1871-1956 in the Stacks of the College Library

Huge, from this ruinous Platonic cave,
His pagan shadow haunts the river fog—
And there! Reed-pierced Sebastian, hung by the heels,
His Christian, lower image under stands.

Flame gnaws its last of wick. The great head stares,
Cave-caught. The mist is lifting. These are books—
Or trees?—and this tiled alley, a trout stream.
A cave of books—book-world, so like a cave.
The delicate spines of dryads everywhere.
Angels? The sweet girls, beautiful as trout,
Drift down the tiers of books. Reach! Reach! The mist again.

This mind, once pickerel-swift and pickerel-still,
Hung on its mucous film in the fluid cave
Waiting an opening in murky thought
To dart the spoon-snout ruthlessness of "Why?"—
Tearing away the soft assumption-weed.

Clear wars of conscience! Stack lights like planets turning
Ring the corona of this puzzled head.
All the great causes, shut in covers, swirl
Until, across our pale, fluorescent days,
Light beyond light of his vast shadow falls
To measure us, who pause, against one ghost.

ALEXANDER LAING

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The Empire City, the first two parts of which were published previously, is a five-part picaresque fantasy, centered upon a distinctive group of spiritual Bohemians, living in what is frequently New York City, from the late 1930s to the present. Although various members of the group dominate the action spasmodically — Eliphaz, a modern Old Testament prophet and millionaire; his son and daughter, Arthur and Emily; the Alger children, Horatio, Lothario and Laura; and a Dutch friend and intimate of all the others, Mynheer Duyck Duyvendak — it is clear that the group itself is meant to have the unity of a main character, reacting and changing as one composite personality under the successive pressures of our time, even while the segments of that personality act out their own individual roles.

IF THERE is a single protagonist in the novel, it is Horatio, whose life is traced from his early truant years on the streets of New York (he has canceled himself from society by destroying all documentary evidence of his existence), through his symbolic adoption by Eliphaz, his Wagnerian love affair with Rosalind, his discovery that he can "fly," to his quasi-acceptance of at least a token reconciliation with the burdens of twentieth-century mores. Around this structural thread the other characters gyrate in their own eccentric orbits — some terminating in one or another kind of violent death, others achieving varied successful adjustments between their own needs and the demands of the world.

The story-line, one hastens to say, is the least significant aspect of the novel; like the fantastic, rationally incoherent "plot" of a dream, it merely provides a frame on which allegorical fragments and symbolic tableaux can be hung. And as in any decent dream, it contains an abundance of irrelevant material, ranging from ribald anecdotes and balladry to prose poems and outright lectures. The consequent *form* and potpourri of styles in which the story is narrated quite purposefully defy category. Because he is attempting to discover a workable system of values in our improbable society, Goodman is loath to adopt the traditional devices of fiction: use of the structures of the past might involve an unwilling acceptance of the outmoded values of the past. Hence the necessary experimentalism of the novel.

Goodman is an urban primitive who achingly desires to see man achieve a real community of human relationships, without a curtailment of his animal freedom of spontaneity and growth. To build the community by denying the animal

★★★★★★★A Fourth of July Quiz★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

about *FREEDOM*

1 **In what great country are three journalists now being threatened with imprisonment or death for their dissenting opinions?**
ANS. ( ) Russia. ( ) Poland. ( ) England. ( ) USA.

2 **How long has their government kept them under the shadow and harassment of this prosecution?**
ANS. ( ) 6 months. ( ) A year. ( ) Since 1956.

3 **What is the oft-proclaimed policy of the nation where this is happening?**
ANS. ( ) Thought control. ( ) Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of press.

Facts Relevant to the Answers:

In San Francisco, more than three years ago, the editors of an American-owned magazine, "China Monthly Review," were indicted for "sedition" because of what they thought, wrote and published. When "sedition" brought a mistrial last January, a new charge of "treason" was clapped on.

Then silence fell . . . delay follows delay . . . the shadow hovers endlessly. . . .

The liberal press has denounced this continuing prosecution. The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California called the sedition indictment "a serious threat to fundamental liberties." The national ACLU has agreed.

— AND ONE MORE QUESTION

How much longer can a nation calling itself Leader of the Free World continue on such a course?

What You Can Do

In this season of the celebration of American democracy's birth, we ask all lovers of freedom to write their Senators, their Representatives, and Attorney General William P. Rogers in Washington, asking that the prosecution of American journalists John W. Powell, Sylvia Powell and Julian Schuman be withdrawn.

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nature is, for Goodman, to become a mechanical unit, denatured for communal efficiency, conditioned into an automaton whose repressed energies are intermittently released in the socially approved channels of war, economic exploitation, petty brutalities and endless, unproductive "busy work." On the other hand, and despite his exaltation of free glandular expression, Goodman cannot conceive of meaningful human existence without such un-animal commodities as great literature, music and highly erudite theoretical chatter. How to achieve the Golden Age in which culture is married to nature is the major impossibility with which the author has struggled, groped and compromised over the twenty-year period in which he has been writing this book.

THE first part of the novel, *The Grand Piano*, was published in 1942. It is dominated by the Marxist solution. Society based on a corrupting exchange-value economy must be destroyed. Only out of its ashes can a healthy community, unhampered by an inhuman tyranny of monetary valuation, emerge. Here, since the issues are relatively simplified, Goodman comes closest to writing traditional satire, vaguely reminiscent of Nathanael West's *A Cool Million*. In the next section, *The State of Nature* (1946), the optimism of Marxism — an optimism based on a fundamental faith in man — becomes clouded. This section culminates, not as in the first part with a purposive explosion of a bomb in a piano, but rather with a perverse riot of incendiarism.

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THE NATION Index

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The final three sections shift from the possibilities of social revolution to a Freudian concern with personal adjustment. Goodman seems to be working for gradual evolution within the frame of *what-is*, changing his emphasis from the evils of society which make man detestable, to facing the weaknesses in man which allow society to become corrupting. Such is the progressive theoretical arc of the book, but the generalization must be qualified by a recognition of the quixotic dance of Goodman's intelligence; it cascades opinions at any or no provocation, and over a range of areas from politics and psychology to aesthetics and community planning.

Empire City can be read for transient amusement; it can be read for its social criticism; it can be read for edification. Although it has some "traditionally" humorous episodes, its value will ultimately be judged by whether Goodman, an *avant-garde* humorist, succeeds in evoking both the laughter and the horror which our culture presents, "in the presence of the absence of humor," as the sole aesthetic solution to an impossible dilemma. It is certain, at any rate, that he has engaged the dilemma with consistent integrity and delight, and the book stands well as the personal document of one man attempting to be free.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE Metropolitan Museum is now exhibiting downstairs, along with its other El Grecos, its newly acquired *Vision of St. John the Evangelist*, painted at the end of the artist's life for the hospital of St. John the Baptist in Toledo. The painting has just been restored, which was presumably necessary, although Mr. Rousseau, curator of paintings, says that the original paint surface was in good condition. "During its long life, its genuine glazes had not been eroded or damaged, though it had been cleaned at various times. It had, however, been previously restored, and considerable repainting had been done in the process" which showed in a discoloration in the repainted areas that no longer matched the original paint. Every age has its own ideas of the value of the past, and sees the past differently. It is probably not out of the way to say that the present restorers of this painting understand El Greco in terms of twentieth-century Expressionism.

MAURICE GROSSER is at present in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. This is the second contributed by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

Mr. Rousseau illustrates his article in the June *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum with a photograph of the painting before restoration and with a color version of the present state. Before the most recent restoration the values had both more unity and more variety, and the effect of these photographs is that the "before" version was masterly, and the "after" version is an interpretation by a talented pupil. For instance, in the picture as now shown, the face of St. John is modeled from a light tone to a dark tone that makes the dark half separate from the head; the same is true of the darks and lights in his sleeves and draperies, which become a series of lights and darks that do not connect with the figure as a single entity. This criticism holds also for the red drapery at his feet; for the ground, in which substance is lost, making the foremost part a hole, where it seems not to have been so before. The movement of the sky, which formerly had a rhythm and a flow, is now jerky and abrupt. There is a similar change in the lights and darks in the row of seven nudes: the one nearest St. John and the second from the right have lost opacity and that diminishes their physical presence in the rhythm of the composition. The darks are now all more like one another and the lights are too, which reduces the resonance of the composition. There is a coarsening and an emphasis of the obvious.

When one criticizes restoration, one is answered in scientific terms; or, as follows: "Would you want arms put on the Venus de Milo?" Restoration today leans on science and disparages intuition. This has its drawbacks, as well as its good points. It seems to imply that everything is understandable in the way that a proposition in high school physics is. Or if not, then it is suspect. And there is a strong tendency to estimate the value of paintings in terms of what is familiar, to judge the past by present fashions, like the remark of an English critic in praise of the cleaning of the Titians in the London National Gallery, that one can now see that Titian is another Renoir. So this El Greco is shown to be like an Expressionist painting, with the implication that that is one of its significant merits. The flatness, the black outlines, the paint put on for its own sake are qualities that do exist in El Greco, and are like Expressionism. But I doubt that for El Greco the end was included within the means of painting — rather the

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means of painting contributed towards a whole that was not first of all aesthetic. And if for a modern painter the means are the ends, it is not at all necessary to use El Greco's means rather than, say, Raphael's, as an example. I base my opinion on what El Greco was from his paintings in the Escorial outside Madrid, which like all the paintings there have retained a freshness unseen anywhere else in Europe. This is a place free from industrial smoke, with a dry climate favorable to paintings. I doubt that they have been restored.

My criticism of much restoration is that, for all its science, it is not artistic enough. Aesthetically the present restoration is less than one could wish for. The eccentricity of El Greco's style actually expressed more vividly than his contemporaries the baroque that it seemed to deviate from. The restorers see the vividness as if separated from its ambience, and their over-emphasis diminishes this vividness. They make him into a mannerist. A principle of Baroque composition that El Greco exploited is the question-and-answer motion of curved forms against and in continuation of each other. This restoration tries to separate him from the Baroque and place him among the Expressionists.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

SOME early viewers have alleged that Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* is symbolically enigmatic or otherwise obscure. They must be uncommonly serene people, for no one who has ever looked into himself with astonished disgust or rueful acknowledgment of the lateness of the hour can go seriously astray at this picture. Bergman (his more difficult *The Seventh Seal* was shown here several months ago) has learned everything the French and German experimenters had to teach of film magic, and uses symbolism and association with the fluent ease of mastery. But his evocations are never for sensation and they are never vague—he is a surgeon-poet.

A reviewer must exercise some tact in discussing this picture. It is a work of such high and subtle art that the temptation is to run in with a smother of adjectives and a display of analytical explanation. The picture will not stand the heaviness — it is not in the heroic or didactic mold. The appropriate reaction is gratitude, not ostentatious appreciation.

Wild Strawberries recounts a day's experience in a shaken and desperately repining old man. The day has begun badly in a nightmare baleful with the furniture of estrangement, confusion and death. The old man travels by car all that day to attend an academic conference that will honor him for a half-century of distinguished contribution to science. The route carries him through the neighborhood of his youth and his hours are filled by half-dreamed memories and half-remembered fantasies. Old injuries inflicted by the cruelty of self-absorption or the inadequacies of sympathy and imagination torment him — death is his concern, but death of the heart more than death of the body. He accuses himself; worse still, he accuses those who meant most to him: the nostalgia of wild strawberries now recalls a coldness of ultimate hell. And yet . . .

With him, in the persons of his daughter-in-law and three hitchhiking rovers, ride life and love and the warmth of passionate concern. The travelers meet hatred on the road (a couple made mad by the existence of each other) and they put it from them. They fight and tumble, laugh, tell thrusting truths and force wild flowers and their terrors into the old man's hands. Wonderfully enough, he does not seem dead to them. They would not believe his dreams and by evening he finds that he no longer needs to recount them. At the end, one vision comes to him—from very early in his childhood—that has escaped the ice.

I cannot begin to detail the apt and lovely devices by which Bergman conveys this excursion into a man's spirit. Its evocations are never pretentious, never sentimental — though often tender and usually painful. It is a ruthless lyricism that does not despair. *Wild Strawberries* is the testament, I suspect quite directly personal, of a man who thoroughly understands how terrible it is to be a human being, and who is glad to accept the consequences. The screen has never been used with greater art or for more humane ends.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S production of *Porgy and Bess*, directed by Otto Preminger, strikes me as a little coarse-grained. But I could be wrong. If you showed me a reproduction of the "Primavera" enlarged to the size of the Green Mountains, and asked me for an opinion of it while hitting me over the head with a tin can filled with dried peas, I might offer the bizarre judgment that Botticelli is coarse. The projection process known as Todd-AO is plain misery — too large, too loud, with close-ups used as blunt instruments and voices (rarely synchronized to mouths) blaring "stereophonically" from implausible nooks-and-corners. I sat right in the center of the Warner Theatre, presumably a good seat, and I emerged from the place after two and a half hours feeling that I had come through a rigorous test of nerve stamina with no worse after-effects than a sharp headache.

So it is difficult to speak with assurance about the performance as separate from the presentation. I got the impression that its quality is less that of folk opera than of a comic strip set to music. Its details are very "real"—the violence, the sex, the superstition, the ugly arrogance of white authority; it is sweaty work. As a result of this factual tone, when Porgy at the end gets into his goat cart and takes off for New York in pursuit of Bess, the gesture seems grotesquely ignorant and not at all poetic.

Sidney Poitier is a splendidly strong, open-faced Porgy; Dorothy Dandridge a darling, defenseless Bess. Sammy Davis, Jr. has the style for Sportin' Life and leads the company through a brilliantly orgiastic rendition of "It Ain't Necessarily So." The fact that he suggests too strongly a sophisticated entertainer aping a small-town rascal may be less a matter of his own limitations than of the over-all failure to catch the love in the Gershwin-Heyward classic.

In places the score has been vulgarized for easy emotional effect, but there are some fine voices in the cast — both principals and chorus. I was never sure whether the people I saw were endowed with the voices I heard (certainly they were often not really singing when the

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camera was on them), but I suppose that that is not very important in this great machine product. The cast had the talent for *Porgy and Bess*, but Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Preminger have made them little more than supernumeraries to sensation.

TOWARD the end of *The Nun's Story*, Sister Luke, the heroine, looks up to God and cries: "I can obey no longer. What I do from now on is between You and me alone." That is the great, terrible, emancipating cry of Protestantism, and I doubt that anyone heir to the Protestant tradition could easily suppress a cheer. Catholic acceptance of *The Nun's Story* puzzled me when I read the book; it puzzles me still more when I see this scrupulous and exciting film adaptation. The moral seems to me unmistakable: Let those who can seek peace in abasement before God; only the great spirits will find that they must meet Him face to face. Sister Luke is incomparably the greatest spirit in the story and at the end she renounces her vows and returns to the world. It is a very lonely, very painful moment, but I cannot interpret it as anything but a victory for the freedom of conscience without which religion has no meaning. Catholics, I realize, must understand the story differently.

Religious perplexities aside, the picture, directed by Fred Zinnemann and with Audrey Hepburn in the title role (wonderfully supported by Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Mildred Dunnock and Peter Finch, among others), is an eventful and intelligent rendering of Kathryn Hulme's very intelligent book. Robert Anderson prepared the screenplay. The picture is a work of physical beauty — it occurred to me, as I enjoyed the chaste, rich elegance of the ecclesiastical interiors and the infinitely sophisticated style of the religious garments, that the sin of aesthetic gratification must be a common temptation in the monastic life.

Miss Hepburn plays with fire, humor and a good deal of convincing inner agony. Her scenes as a surgical nurse in the African mission hospital, with Mr. Finch as the brilliant, godless Dr. Fortunati, have the clash and joy of a well-matched love affair — and that, in all but fact, is what the relationship really is. I cannot pretend that Miss Hepburn brings much suspense to her dilemma — her Sister Luke is no more capable of humility than she is of growing a beard — but there was never much suspense in the story as originally told. The tragedy of the story — and the quality that gives the picture its memorable bite — is that a girl should spend her youth attempting by powerful will to subdue a spirit that nothing short of death could overwhelm.

A SMALL independent film company consisting of Terry Sanders, producer, and Denis Sanders, director, and with the assistance of Walter Newman on the script, has carried out a striking experiment in *Crime and Punishment, USA*. Is it "successful"? Probably not entirely, but it is engrossing to watch and worth thinking about.

The story runs somewhat jerkily, as though on ill-laid tracks. Those tracks are Dostoevski's narrative, which the picture treats respectfully but in necessarily telescoped form. I believe, without making a check, that the main events of the story and the main characters are covered, but the film strains as it makes each famous rendezvous.

Then, these one-for-one equivalents do not work as well in fact as they promise in theory. *Crime and Punishment* is a "universal" story, but that doesn't quite mean that you can restage it intact anywhere and in any time you please. Mr. Newman has written a convincing new dialogue for the performers, but the emotional content and the relationships have been left very much as Dostoevski conceived them. Thus the great scenes between the boy and the policeman, though well played by George Hamilton and Frank Silvera, feel awkward. The basic psychology may be sound, but the surface behavior is jarring to the point where you can accept it only by reminding yourself that these two antagonists are re-enacting a famous duel. The whole picture, in fact, takes on the false glitter of ingenuity: it becomes amusing to see that the nearest equivalent to Sonia's bedroom is a motel cubicle.

On the other hand, the picture carries out its scheme with style and serious intent. This is a "poor" picture, shot at some California "muscle beach," made in real locations and with natural light wherever possible. It has an honest look. The American Raskolnikov, a kind of scrupulous Leopold, lives in a strange poured-concrete apartment house which very probably exists but which looks hauntingly appropriate as a breeding place of neurotic glory.

The cast is beautifully chosen, all of them new faces to me except for Silvera. George Hamilton is quiet, appealing, appalling, poisonously sweet and hypnotic. He makes the superman delusion quite persuasive — the only trouble is that the youth he plays would have read *Crime and Punishment*.

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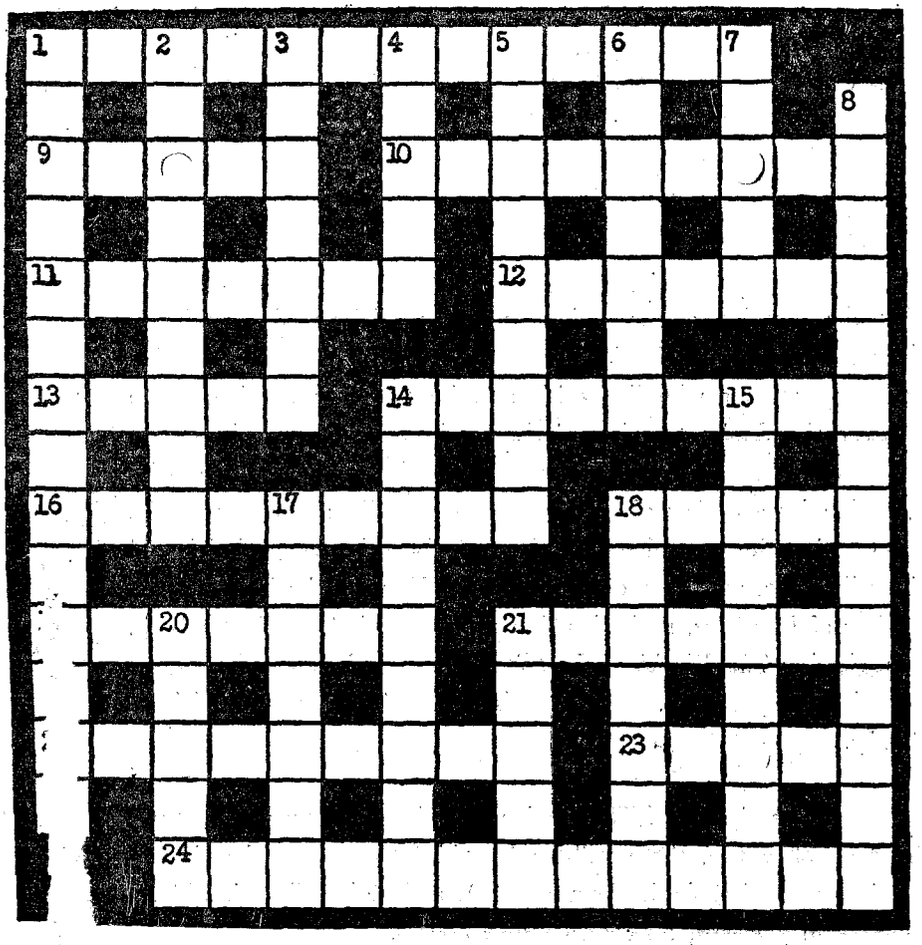
Crossword Puzzle No. 827

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

20 down Drug heat at Bucking- ? (8, 2, 3, 5)

e back, but not well back. (5)

..de a light medium change? (9)

ursed on the stage, especially in the South. (7)

12 Concerning the agreement, don't hang on! (7)

13 Comes close to inter-polar receiving apparatus. (5)

14 But not in the case of Sangfroid! (9)

16 To weep about masculine haziness may be a study in itself. (9)

18 Makes the end of 14 across in trials. (5)

19 Imposing a conclusion with capital. (7)

21 In Mitty, somewhat out of character. (4, 3)

22 Tackle taking a lateral change of position sometimes automatic. (9)

23 Nine, when it comes to advance. (5)

24 Such agents make instincts deaf. (13)

DOWN:

1 Holding the powder on your account, perhaps? (8, 6)

2 Attachment of a very soft finish, but on time. (9)

3 Lave with these in the bank? (They float!) (7)

4 Set according to the middle of the group? (5)

5 Make a gift—and a conservative one—at time of gift-giving. (9)

6 Crept upon the ground. (7)

7 One of the film crowd? (5)

8 Evident masters of the Madison Avenue approach. (14)

14 A little force required to give cotton to a wild animal! (9)

15 Internal combusion? (9)

17 Takes a stand with its sins, possibly. (7)

18 Such a type might be a telephone. (7)

20 See 1 across

21 It is up to the part given in 5, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 826

ACROSS: 1, 6 and 10 The Flight of the Bumblebee; 9 Piper; 11 Concourse; 12 Gregg; 13 Edict; 15 Imputable; 18 Cannoneer; 19 Scion; 20 Slush; 22 Stampedes; 26 Short; 27 Evens; 28 Descended. DOWN: 1 Topic; 2 and 25 Expansion bracelets; 3 Largo; 4 Gabardine; 5 Tempe; 6 Obligates; 7 Table; 8 Evergreen; 13 Excusable; 14 Toothless; 16 Parnassus; 17 Blindfold; 21 Usage; 22 Stead; 23 Paste; 24 Sated.

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ARTS in the SUN

There's *no* off-season for the creative artist: writers write, musicians play, painters paint, actors act—and reviewers review. *The Nation's* "BOOKS and the ARTS" section promises much for the indolent vacationer who limits his exercise to lively reading. From Italy, William Weaver will cover the Spoleto music and theatre festival; from Paris, Elliott Stein will send a Letter dealing with French newspaper censorship. Leonard Feldman, who writes for *The Jazz Review,* is due for a review of European jazz (dateline: Paris or Berlin, we're not yet certain). Painters and sculptors will pass under the discerning eyes of Fairfield Porter, artist and critic, and Leslie Katz, publisher of *Arts.* Books? You will be kept abreast of the best: Gerald Holton, editor of *Daedalus,* reviewing Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers,* for instance; Marc Blitzstein reviewing *The World of Bertolt Brecht;* and James M. Burns and George Dangerfield reviewing, respectively, Earl Mazo's *Richard Nixon* and Richard Rovere's *Senator Joe McCarthy.*

This summer, too, the "BOOKS and the ARTS" section introduces a new architectural column by Walter McQuade. And, of course, there will be Harold Clurman on the theatre (if Broadway will be in the doldrums, Stratford, Conn., won't), and Robert Hatch will remind you of what you are missing in pleasant, air-cooled movie houses.

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